

Going to California

It was on a fine morning in June that four of us started in a clamshell for the region of gold. One of them sat at the stern and steered while the rest of us rowed and we got along very well. But the scene was changed and we were sailing up the Sacramento. It rained, gold. Thimbles all the time until we landed at the gold diggings there any one could get rich we could dig gold as fast as potatoes I was just a thinking that I would buy the whole of New York when ~~when~~ we began to be very hungry I would have given a thousand dollars for a loaf of bread there was nothing but gold to eat and that was rather old and hard but I got safe home at last with my gold I built a house equal to the Crystal Palace I had my yard paved with gold watches that my servants could tell when to wait

on me I cut bittered ten¹ dollar
bills but all at once my nose began
to be cold it was turning to gold but
I can write no more as my arms are
already turning into the precious metal